

CHARIVARIA.

"WE Germans," says Chancellor BÜLOW, "desire to create our naval armaments solely for the protection of our coasts and our trade." Well perhaps, if Tariff Reform comes, there will be less trade for them to protect, and then the matter will right itself.

Dr. MACNAMARA wishes us, please, to remember "that the defence of his country is just as dear to the Radical as to the Tory." Quite so, but perhaps the Tory is not quite so frightened of its dearness.

The General Council of the Bar is asking for additional High Court Judges. The Government, however, cannot spare the money, and an appeal may have to be made to the Colonies.

"Authors earn good money—if they are good authors," remarked Judge EDGE last week. Our sad experience is that it is the bad authors whose books sell best.

A forthcoming publication, entitled *The Cat in History, Legend, and Art*, is announced. Will it, asks a vulgar anti-Suffragette, contain a chapter on "The Cat in Politics"?

It looks as if Musical Comedy can make as many widows as brides. Miss EMMY WEHLEN, who made her bow last week, is the sixth "Merry Widow" who has appeared at Daly's Theatre.

Yet another new dancer! The latest arrival threatens to improve on those who came before. She dances, we are told, on a darkened stage, "in a little patch of lime-light." Only this, and nothing more?

"The lower limb below the knee is beautiful," says *The Tailor and Cutter*, "and why men should be ashamed of it is past our comprehension." This sweeping innuendo against our sex will not bear looking into. Have Bishops, for instance, any more false shame than Ballet Girls?

"London water has improved immensely since the companies handed it

over to the Metropolitan Water Board," reports Dr. BEATON. And yet we have heard complaints that it now lacks body, and is therefore not so sustaining as it used to be before its quality was changed.

Now that an aunt has been sent to prison for cruelty to her niece, the N.S.P.C.C. is being urged by a large number of nephews to take proceedings against a large number of uncles for callous neglect of their duty in regard to tips.

While proceeding to a fire last week, a couple of fire-brigade horses dashed into the window of a chemist's shop in the City. It is thought that the intelli-

"For the women of all countries the theatre sets the fashion," says *The Express*. The Beehive Hat, we guess, originated at the Opéra Comique.

The individual who was charged with shop-lifting at Selfridge's the other day is of the opinion that the Ideal Stores have not yet made their appearance in spite of statements to the contrary.

QUESTIONS OF HEALTH.

The Lancet, we observe, has discovered that honeysuckle (like the bee) is sometimes poisonous. A correspondent, who assumes the original name of "Paterfamilias," has noticed it too, and has sent us an indignant letter on the subject of *The Lancet's* discoveries. "This journal," he says, "keeps on dribbling out its alarming facts; has not the time come for the nation to rise and demand a full and immediate statement of the whole truth?"

Our correspondent proceeds to put a number of "plain, blunt questions" to *The Lancet*. Unfortunately we are rather crowded this week, and have not seen our way to give the seven-and-a-half columns that they would occupy. But we select a few questions in which we also are interested, and we wait for a reply:—

Does cocoa cause cancer?

Is tobacco all that it has not yet been declared to be?

Is wool the worst thing to wear next the skin?

Does ozone cause pulmonary disease?

Is bread-and-milk explosive?

Is the daily newspaper a source of contagious and infectious disease? and ought we only to read it in gloves and a respirator?

Is it really as beneficial to burn coal as to swallow it?

Does a vegetarian diet, after all, foster the military spirit?

A case for the Scottish Temperance League:—

"At a conference of delegates of the Scottish Miners' Federation in Glasgow yesterday, it was decided to hold a national demonstration at Stirling on July 2 to celebrate the inauguration of the 'tight-hours' day."—*Glasgow Herald*.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

IV.—FOR RECRUITING OFFICERS.

gent beasts realised that they would get remedies there for the cuts caused by the broken glass.

The gentleman who wrote to *The Observer* the other day to point out that Tariff Reform would benefit British artists, should really not have referred to us as being at present "the artless prey" of others.

Lady PENDER, speaking at the annual meeting of the Battersea Home, suggested the imposition of a small tax on puppies "as soon as their eyes are open." As this, however, would necessitate an Inland Revenue official watching over the cradle of every puppy in the kingdom, we fear that the Government will say that the proposal is impracticable on the ground of expense.

FORTUNE AND FOLLY.

[The author of the following Great Thoughts on Gambling, written in imitation of Lord AVEBURY's latest work, *Peace and Happiness*, admits that he has done this kind of thing before; but then so has Lord AVEBURY. The exigencies of space demand that his name should be written thus, *tout court*, without the modest list of fifty degrees and distinctions which appear on the title-page of his book.]

THE love of money has been described by a Christian writer as "the root of all evil," and the Pagan poet, OVID, gave it as his opinion that riches were "*irritamenta malorum*."¹ In more recent times the following apostrophe was addressed to wealth:—

"Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe;"²

and another poet recognised a truth which is now almost universally accepted when he said that

"Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave."³

On the other hand, many authorities have regarded wealth as a blessing, even though in disguise. OLIVER GOLDSMITH made the observation that

"Wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts."

And the author of *Don Quixote*⁴ wrote:—

"El mejor cimiento en el mundo es el dinero."⁵

"Money is the man," was the saying of PINDAR (the original being in Greek); and an English writer went so far as to assert that "Money makes the mare to trot,"⁶ thus contending that the benefits of wealth are not confined to the human race.

Much depends upon how you come by your wealth. HORACE gave this advice: "Make money; honestly, if you can; but make it somehow." This was, of course, satirical.

One of the best ways of making money is by the honest sweat of the hand or brow. Thus obtained, it is less liable to be thrown away carelessly. Many rich men who began as labourers will agree with *Romeo* when he said that "parting is such sweet sorrow."⁷

One of the worst ways of making money is by gambling. The Dutch have a proverb, "*Ligt gekomen, ligt gegaan*,"⁸ of which the converse does not seem to be equally true.

There is a very beautiful spot, called Monte Carlo, situated on the Mediterranean Sea, where

"Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."⁹

People have been known to visit this watering-place for the purpose of gambling against the "bank." "Bank" is perhaps a misleading term. "I know a bank"¹⁰ called ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & Co., and I am the head of it, but we are in no way associated with the management of the "bank" at Monte Carlo.

HORACE speaks, in one of his Latin Odes, of country-folk reclining on a "shady bank (*umbrosa ripa*)."¹¹ I should hesitate to apply this invidious epithet to the bank at Monte Carlo. I am told that here, as in other haunts of vice, honesty is found to be "the best policy."¹²

At the same time, if there were no folly in the world to take advantage of, the "occupation" of the bank, like *Othello's*, would be "gone."¹³ "A fool and his money be soon at debate."¹⁴ And GAY remarked:

"Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamblers thrive?"

Strangely enough, perfect propriety reigns in the gambling-room of the Casino, as it is called. It is in a work entitled

¹ Incentives to evil. ² George Herbert. ³ Dryden. ⁴ Cervantes. ⁵ The best foundation in the world is wealth. ⁶ Wolcott. ⁷ Shakespeare. ⁸ Lightly come, lightly gone. ⁹ Bishop Heber. ¹⁰ Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. ¹¹ British proverb. ¹² Shakespeare. ¹³ Thomas Tusser.

Tom Jones, which I cannot recommend to the young of either sex, that we read: "Nor will Virtue herself look beautiful unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum."¹⁴ And this would appear to be also true of certain forms of vice.

Chance is perhaps the chief element in gambling, and many consider that the leading characteristic of chance is its uncertainty. The author of *Paradise Lost* grasped this fact when he spoke of chance as being "fickle."¹⁵ Yet there are some who rely upon its promises. The philosopher EMPEDOCLES, only a few minutes before he lost everything, except one slipper, in the crater of Etna, is said to have observed:

"We lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through."¹⁶

The futility of this belief has been well enunciated by Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and I hardly doubt but what his views are shared by his friend, Mr. VICKERS, though the latter has not actually given them expression in print—not to my knowledge.

Admittedly there is no fixed principle about the movements of chance. "*Fortuna meliores sequitur*"¹⁷ was the theory of SALLUST, and there is a common belief that "fortune favours the brave."¹⁸ But there is also a proverb to the effect that "*Fortuna facit fatuis*."¹⁹ Anyhow, one need never run short of quotations to suit all cases.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, who flourished in the 16th century, spoke of "the giddy wheel of fortune." The phrase is peculiarly adapted to the game known as roulette, where a rotatory motion is given to the instrument of chance. No one can with any exactitude foretell what number will fall. RORY O'More recommended *impair*, meaning the odd numbers.

"There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More."²⁰

But according to the expert, Mr. VICTOR BEHIEL, the even numbers occur quite as often.

Many prefer to put their money on zero, which is neither odd nor even, but equivalent to naught (0). Here they have the support of the brothers JAMES and HORACE SMITH, who wrote:

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."²¹

On the other hand the Latins had a proverb: "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*."²²

There is one consoling thought to which ISAAC WALTON gave utterance when he said: "No man can lose what he never had." This is nearly always true, and especially applies to gambling where the bank refuses to accept your I.O.U. or promissory note. Yet to lose all the cash that you have about you is sometimes more than enough.

Over the door of Hell the Italian poet, DANTE, saw written the words: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate*."²³ Over the door of the Salle du Jeu²⁴ we might well affix the striking phrase of MONTAIGNE: "*Le jeu ne vault pas la chandelle*."²⁵ O.S.

¹⁴ Henry Fielding. ¹⁵ Milton. ¹⁶ Matthew Arnold. ¹⁷ Fortune backs up the better class of man. ¹⁸ British proverb. ¹⁹ Fortune sides with fools. ²⁰ Samuel Lover. ²¹ *Rejected Addresses*. ²² You can't make anything out of zero. ²³ Abandon all hope, oh ye who enter. ²⁴ Gaming-room. ²⁵ The game is not worth the candle.

Military Tactics.

"The Lieut-General Commanding the Division considers that the destruction of the Borer beetle is so very important that he asks everyone to assist in exterminating them. They can be easily found on the trunks of trees at night time and can be killed by knocking them on the head with a stick."

Another way is to shave their heads and let them stay out in the chill night air till they catch their deaths of cold.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

ASQUITH (watchman.) "ALL'S WELL."

JOHN BULL. "SO YOU SAY. ALL THE SAME, I THINK I SHALL SIT UP FOR A BIT."





THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND.

"WHICH DO YOU PREFER, AUNTIE—FACING OR BACK?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, THERE'S NO ENGINE ON THIS TRAIN, SO IT DOESN'T VERY MUCH MATTER."

TIPS FOR OUR TOTS:

OR, HOW TO CURE HARMFUL HABITS.

THE imperfect physique of the present generation has long excited the anxious attention of educational experts. As prevention is notoriously better than cure, it is well that parents should always be on the watch for those carelessly acquired habits which, if not checked in childhood, are only too apt to mar the mellowness of maturity.

A great writer in one of our most strident contemporaries has recently laid stress on the deadly results of over-indulgence in the hammock and the easy-chair. NELSON, RODNEY, and BLAKE never slept in hammocks except under compulsion, and HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER THE GREAT, and JULIUS CESAR never included armchairs in their camp equipage.

But there are other habits equally deleterious in their effect on the stamina of our tots, titled and otherwise. Long-distance running, for example, in the case of children under ten, is distinctly to be deprecated. Lord DESBOROUGH never ran a three-mile race before he went up to Oxford, and to this fact must be attributed his splendid mastery of the question of bimetallism.

A similar warning needs to be extended to those injudicious parents who encourage their children to indulge in motor-bicycling as an alternative to exercise in perambulators. Lord WEMYSS, with a restraint that cannot be too highly commended, never mounted a motor-bicycle until his eightieth birthday.

Another question of vital and insistent urgency is this: Ought children under ten to be taken to supper at expensive restaurants after the theatre and the pantomime? On this point the best authorities are divided. Mr. E. H. COOPER, for example, favours the plan, if the company is carefully selected and the menu judiciously chosen. On the other hand Dr. C. Salubry condemns the practice as leading to peevishness on the morrow. As he expresses it in a felicitous epigram: "Nothing is more chastening at the breakfast-table than a chippy child."

At a recent Congress of Infantologists held at Chicago one of the most interesting discussions was that on the subject of the best game for children. Dr. Abner Stoot advocated tip-cat, Professor Stanleyette Folsom championed the claims of tiddledywinks, but Mr.

Volney Brasher carried the Congress with him by his irresistible plea on behalf of auction-bridge. As he pointed out, the words "gambol" and "gamble" are etymologically connected, and therefore ethically identical.

Again, there is the question of reading. Speaking broadly, though it is of course possible for a child to read too much, the choice of books is infinitely less important than the adoption of a proper position. Thus a child that reads WALTER SCOTT in a cramped or twisted attitude must inevitably become a worse citizen than one that studies CASANOVA in a correct posture.

Finally, how are we to combat the tendency of most modern children to run to abnormal weediness, instead of developing a compact well-knit figure?

Can it be that they are not given enough gin in infancy?

From a Parish Magazine:—

"Mrs. — has enlisted the following people in polishing the brasses of the church, and I have to thank them all for the very different appearance which they now present."

It seems to be messy work.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NEW HOME.

"MOVING into another house? Oh, that's nothing," they say. "And once you're there!"

But let me tell you a little about it; for we are not yet within hailing distance of moving, and my life is already a burden.

To begin with, there was the advertisement. That was sent off light-heartedly enough: Wanted a house with such and such accommodation; *must be in Dorset or Devon*. Note the words I have thrown into italics. It sounds simple and lucid: a house with so many bedrooms and other rooms, so much land, and *must be in Dorset or Devon*—the italics are again my very own.

Then the replies began; agent after agent—or rather firms of agents, for no agent seems to have enough in him to stand alone—wrote sending desirable residences, unique residences, and old-world residences, and gentlemen's residences, not only in Devon and Dorset, but all over the face of this England, this precious stone set in a silver sea. They came by every post, some accompanied by precious photographs, which we were implored to return at once. By every post they came. Had there been a Sunday post they would have come by that. One came even from Hampstead—an eligible home in the Vale of Health!

Having found the house (in Dorset)—and, strange to relate, one was found very quickly—I stopped the advertisement and wrote politely to the principal agents, telling them that all need for excitement was over: I was suited. But do you think that deterred them? Not a bit. They still went on sending more and more particulars, more and more residences unique, and residences for gentlemen, and residences desirable, and residences old-world (what is an old-world residence?); and then I wrote again and said I really meant it, and gradually the stream dwindled, although there are still little flickers of activity in it, and sometimes two residences will come in in a day, and sometimes only one.

So far so good. The house was mine.

But then the successful agent—the winner of this Marathon—began to get to work. I had never thought of it before, but of course no one can live on house-agency, and he must therefore look around for auxiliary aids. What he does, I gather, is this: he goes to his commercial friends in the town and says, "I have let 'The Fig-trees' at last.

A man has been found ass enough to take it. He is coming in soon. His London address is 48, Pickwick Gate." A nod being as good as a wink to a provincial tradesman, they all hurry to their desks and pen painful prose. This prose began to find its way into my post-box very soon after. Mr. Bunch the butcher had heard a rumour (the literary artist!) that I had taken "The Fig-trees," and might he have the honour of serving me? Nothing could equal the excellence of his beef and the succulence of his mutton. Mr. Wisleigh, another butcher (butchers are much

of two butchers and several other tradesmen, simply by not going to them. No light matter for sensitive folk.

And that is not all, for on the premises is a gardener with a large family who counted upon being retained and wore himself out in zeal when we went to view the house; but unhappily he cannot stay, because we have a gardener already, and there is another broken heart!

Meanwhile the moving (which is "nothing") and bills for new carpets and such-like trifles are all before me!

DIogenes, lend me thy tub!



"WHAT'S THAT, BILL?"

"WHY, YOU JUGGINS, IT'S A BISHOP."

"WOT'S HE WEAR A APRON FOR?"

"'SPOSE 'E'S ONE O' THEM SUFFRAGETTE BISHOPS."

the worst) had also heard a rumour, and might he have the privilege of purveying whatever meat it pleased me and mine to devour? Mr. Starcher, however, the third butcher in the town, either doubting his penmanship or believing solely in the personal appeal, took train to London and actually called at Pickwick Gate twice in one day.

Meanwhile were the grocers and greengrocers and bakers of this little Dorset town idle? They were not. They also were laying burdens on our postman's back, and still are. Their letters arrive daily. The result is that when we do move and are settled and visit the little Dorset town we shall be conscious of having broken the hearts

SOLO E TUTTI.

THE end of the Influenza Season being now at hand we are enabled to publish for the first time a remarkable sermon preached by our vicar during the early portion of Lent. That we have not done so before is due to the fact that the state of high tension in the parish in question, occasioned by the weather, has only recently, since the rise in temperature, given place to the usual harmonious relations between vicar and flock.

The vicar, after alluding feelingly to the trying weather we had recently experienced, remarked that it was at such times as these that we learnt to bear with greater kindness and tolerance those infirmities and shortcomings in others which (*cough*)—which often caused us discomfort and annoyance and which (*cough*)—which called for a gentle forbearance on our part (*general coughing*). He would say that perhaps (*burst of coughing*)—he would say again (*lengthy coughing recitative from back of church*)—he would say again—for the third time (*strong bronchial disturbance from old gentleman in front pew*) that at times like these it behoved those who profess Christian principles to carry them into daily practice (*cough, cough, cough*). It required an heroic mind to bear consistently (*coughing duet ending in general chorus*)—he would repeat, to bear (*atishoo!*)—really this was intolerable! (*General coughing*.) He was bound to say there were some things (*burst of sneezing*) which it was indeed hard to put up with. (*Great coughing*.) He would go further and say they ought NOT to be put up with. (*Spasmodic outbreak amongst choir*.) Indeed he was not going too far (*sneezing contest between two old ladies with coughing accompaniment*) when he said that there were some people (*cough*) who came to church (*atishoo*) with the sole (*cough*)—that was to say they came simply and



SHOW SUNDAY: A TIME-HONOURED CUSTOM.

AN EMINENT R.A. THROWS OPEN HIS STUDIO FOR THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF SPRING MODES.

solely (cough, atishoo, atishoo, cough) to annoy the clergyman with an unseemly display of noises (Mrs. Robinson: *tch-tch*)—of noises (*tch-tch*)—really he must request that—er—person (*tch-tch-tch*) with a cold in the head either to sneeze or— (Mrs. Robinson, *forte, crescendo*: *At-ishoo-oo!*). Here he was, trying to inculcate—(loud and obviously long restrained chorus of barks carrying all before it). The Collection would be for the (general bronchial outburst)—for the Curates' Augmentation Fund.

Dread Nought!

["Lord Crews at Leicester deprecated panic on the subject of the navy."—*Daily Paper*.

"Buff and blue and Mrs. Crews."—*Old Whig Toast*.]

"No fleet!" he cried, with scornful lip;
"By all that's buff and blue,
Why, WINSTON's there for statesmanship,
And I'm the nucleus CREWE."

"At a wedding at Audlem, near Nantwich, the bridegroom discovered that he had no certificate, and the wedding party waited for two hours while a man galloped a distance of four miles on horseback to procure the necessary document."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

Where's your PHIEDIPPIDES now?

SPRING DAY BY DAY, (With sincere compliments in the right quarter.)

APRIL is now with us, the fickle month of smiles and tears. It is exceedingly improbable that anything can now prevent the cuckoo being heard, except by the very deaf. "That's the wise cuckoo," as the poet said; "he sings his song a hundred times over, until you think he never can recover his self-respect again!"—a fine trope. SHAKESPEARE called the cuckoo the "bird of fear," but POE preferred the raven to that post: "Bird, if bird thou art, or demon." The bird of freedom is, of course, the sawin, as every reader of *Biglow* knows; but we have no sawins in England. Like the bobolink, they are American.

In April there is a distinct tendency on the part of human beings to change their plumage, and the streets of this dear grey city—"the city of dreadful night," as poor THOMSON called it—become more gay. The straw hat tarries till June, and the white waistcoat is not yet conspicuous; but the *genus* man will no doubt go through his wardrobe with some care in a day or two, lured thither by the genial sun ("the orb of day") to

see if last year's tweeds are fit for wear this year, or if he must visit the tailor.

Spring of course is not in town what it is in the country. There are, for example, no clods in London, and clods, I can tell you, are devilish useful things when you have to make a quarter of a column of small print about this hackneyed season every day. It adds I do not know what interest to the life of the farm to pull up a clover root and mark in nodules on the roots the massed colonies of such organisms, robbing the air of its gases and giving them to the roots to feed on. But this, of course, you can't do in London. There is, however, no reason why you should not, like M. ZOLA when in exile here, hunt for hairpins (which I might by a poetical figure call the plovers' eggs of the city; at any rate they are to be found only on the ground). These fall in great profusion at all times of the year, but never with more abandon than in the merry merry spring-time.

PEBBLY TOM.

The Best Story of the Week.

"It is much rarer for a woman to marry outside her own class than it is for a man."—*Black and White*.

TO AN OLD BAT.

When Vesper trails her gown of grey
Across the launcs at six or seven,
The diligent observer may
(Or may not) see, athwart the Heaven,
A small marsupial on the wing. Well, that
Is (probably) a Bat . . .
In any case I shall not sing of that.

O Willow, in our hours of ease
(That is to say, throughout the Winter),
I take you sometimes on my knees,
And, careless of the frequent splinter,
Caress you tenderly, and sigh, and say,
"Ye gods, how long till May?"

So, Willow, now that April's here
I do not sob for Spring to show its
Pale daffodils and all the dear
Old flowers that keep the minor poets;
I hail it just because a month (about)
Will find You fairly out.

Revered, beloved, O you whose job
Is but to serve throughout the season—
To make, if so it be, the Blob,
And not (thank Heaven!) to ask the reason—
To stand, like Mrs. HEMANS' little friend,
Undoubting to the end:

Old Willow, what a tale to tell—
Our steady rise, from small beginnings,
Ab ovo usque—usque—well,
To 84, our highest innings;
(Ah me, that crowded hour of glorious lives—
Ten of them, all from drives!)

Once only have you let me in,
Through all the tonks we've had together;
That time when, wanting four to win,
I fairly tried to loot the leather—
And lo! a full-faced welt, without the least
Warning, went S.S.E.

A painful scene. In point of fact
I'm doubtful if I ought to hymn it;
Enough to say you went and cracked,
And left me saying things like "Dimmit"
(And not like "Dimmit"), as I heard Slip call
"Mine!" and he pouched the ball.

Do you remember, too, the game
Last August somewhere down in Dorset,
When, being told to force the same,
We straightway started in to force it . . .
For half-an-hour or so we saw it through,
And scratched a priceless 2;

Or how the prayer to play for keeps
And hang the runs, we didn't need 'em,
So stirred us we collected heaps
With rather more than usual freedom:
Fifty in fourteen minutes—till a catch
Abruptly closed the match?

* * * * *

What memories! Yet 1909
May find us going even stronger;
So, pouring out the oil and wine,
Let's sit, and drink, a little longer;
Here's to a decent average of 10!
(Yours is the oil. Say when . . .)

When Morning on the heels of Night
Picks up her shroud at five and after,
The diffident observer might
(Or might not) see, beneath a rafter,
A small marsupial upside down. Well, that
Is (possibly) a Bat . . .
In any case I have not sung of that. A. A. M.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, did you make a speech at the meeting last night?

Papa. Yes, my boy, I proposed a vote of confidence in Lord Taplow, our new Candidate.

L. A. Do you know Lord Taplow well, Papa?

Papa. No, never saw him before. Fine upstanding young fellow, but nothing of a speaker. No choice of language. However, he'll learn as he goes along.

L. A. I wish I could have heard you speak, Papa.

Papa. So you shall some day, when you're a bit older. However, there's quite a decent report of the meeting in the *Sentinel*. You can read my speech in that. There, that's the place where I begin, where my thumb is. (Hands a paper to Little Arthur.)

L. A. Thank you, Papa. (He reads.)

Papa. How do you like it?

L. A. Oh, Papa, I think it splendid. Did you really say all that?

Papa. Yes, and a good deal more too. It's not a verbatim report.

L. A. No, Papa. May I read out some bits, Papa?

Papa (flattered). Certainly, my boy, certainly; read away.

L. A. Here's a bit, Papa (reads aloud):—"In Lord Taplow they had a man whose brilliant career was well known to them. Indeed they might say that they were all on terms of warm personal friendship with Lord Taplow. (Cheers.) He himself (the speaker) had known Lord Taplow from his boyhood up, and he was proud—" But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. I thought you told me you never saw Lord Taplow before last night?

Papa. Did I say that?

L. A. Yes, Papa, you did. But in your speech you say you have known him from his boyhood up.

Papa. Oh, of course that's a—how shall I describe it?—a *façon de parler*.

L. A. What does that mean, Papa? Something that's not quite true?

Papa. Of course not; of course not. It's a way of putting things. It's expected at public meetings. They all knew what I meant—and, besides, I have known quite a lot about Lord Taplow. Don't you remember your mother reading out the account of his wedding a month or two ago?

L. A. Yes, Papa, I remember. Then I suppose if I ever speak at a public meeting I can say that I've known him from his marriage up. (He reads again.) "If there could ever have been any possible doubt as to Lord Taplow's fitness to represent them in the Council-chamber of the nation, his lordship's brilliant and eloquent speech of this evening would have utterly dispelled it. Never in his (the speaker's) long experience had he heard political issues dealt with in so admirable a fashion. Nay, he would go further. He could say without fear of contradiction that Lord Taplow's speech was the most statesmanlike anybody in that room had ever listened to. (Loud applause, Lord Taplow smiling and shaking his head.)" I say, Papa, isn't that—



CRUEL EMBARRASSMENT OF BROWN AND JONES, WHO HAVE CUT ONE ANOTHER DEAD FOR SOME TIME, AND NOW SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE IN A CROWDED TUBE LIFT, UNABLE TO MOVE HAND OR FOOT.

Papa. What's the matter now?

L. A. Well, you told me just now Lord Taplow was nothing of a speaker, and he hadn't got any choice of language.

Papa (*testily*). Well?

L. A. But if his speech was brilliant and eloquent, and the most statesmanlike anybody ever—

Papa. You'd better hand me back that paper.

L. A. Yes, Papa, in a minute. I suppose it was another *façon de parler*.

Papa (*desperately*). Lord Taplow isn't an orator, of course, but he's very effective, and that's a very good test of eloquence and statesmanship.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. I say, Papa, do you really hate Mr. Cutts?

Papa. What a ridiculous question! Of course I don't.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Cutts is a supporter of the present Government, and you said in your speech yesterday (*reads*):—"Of all the despicable Governments that had disgraced this country the present Government were the most despicable. By their conduct in pandering to extreme Socialism and in weakening the naval forces of the Kingdom they had incurred the contempt of every honest man. They and their supporters ought to be branded as traitors to their King and country." That sounds splendid, Papa; but if Mr. Cutts is a traitor, oughtn't he to have his head chopped off? Oughtn't we to tell the police about him?

Papa. You mustn't be so literal, my boy.

L. A. No, Papa; but if he's a traitor—

Papa. That'll do. You can go now.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The Liverpool 'Echo' has now a position which is quite unique, having a larger number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain."—*Liverpool Echo*.

But you can fill "a position which is quite unique" much more easily by having a smaller number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain.

A New Thing in Loopholes.

"The Government's view, I understand, is that there is still a loophole for negotiations with Germany in regard to a modification of the respective naval programmes of the two countries, and that to announce definitely that they were going to lay down the eight Dreadnoughts within the coming twelve months would be to close that loophole with a bang."—*Irish Times*.

"From the middle of November to February 3 the party had only two meals, including that on Christmas Day."—*Glasgow Herald*.

And then, according to another paper, they "found a *crèche*." We cannot bear to dwell on the picture.

Under the heading "The Weary Titian's Sons," *The Toronto Globe* prints a stirring article on the duties of Empire. From the reference to TITIAN it seems that Canada at any rate does not intend to cut the painter.

"In the semi-final round for the 'Arthur Dunn' Memorial Cup, Old Malvernians, for the first time, defeated Old Malvernians (the holders of the trophy)."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We hope the vanquished will hand over the cup with a good grace.



The Professor (deliberately). "—— !!!!! AND—I—DON'T—APOLOGISE!"

CELEBRITIES OF THE RAILWAY WORLD.

I.

BEN KIRBY lives in a little house with one window and sells cardboard. He deals in three colours, never varies the size of the piece, and has 4,532 variations of price. A personal friend of his, also in the business, has composed a little poem on a collateral subject, indifferent perhaps in point of rhyme, but striking in metre:—

Save Money,
Avoid Delay,
Buy
Strip Tickets.

Unfortunately the composer of those lines practises on a tube railway, and those tube fellows will, as Ben Kirby rightly remarks, say anything.

"Good morning, Ben," said I. "Have you any cardboard?"

"Where do you want to go to?" he asked irrelevantly.

"I don't want to seem rude," I answered, "but surely that is my business. What have you got?"

"Red, white and green," he answered more sensibly.

"I will have eighteen-pennyworth of the green," I said.

II.

Harold Perks makes his living by

opening and shutting gates. He too is not uninterested in cardboard.

"Good morning, Harold," I said.

"May I have a look at it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "The date is 5 Ap 09, and none of the companies on whose steamboats, trains, coaches, carriages, wheelbarrows or carts I travel cares what becomes of me *en route*. So says my little piece of cardboard, issued subject to all those conditions, regulations and bye-laws of which you wot. It is one-and-sixpence parly. I don't know what 'parly' may mean, but have a bit."

Harold produced his cigar-cutter and helped himself to the bit with the one-and-sixpence on it.

III.

Percy Tibbits does not live anywhere. He merely travels, and that not commercially but for the fun of the thing. He called on me at Blimy Junction, ostensibly out of politeness, but really to satisfy his lust for cardboard.

"Good morning, Percy," I said. "Have some ticket? Harold has snipped the best bit, but help yourself."

"Green, my dear fellow?" he cried.

"But you are sitting in an armchair."

"Yes, a first-class armchair."

"That is the sad part. You ought to have a white piece of cardboard," he said.

"Snob," I replied.

I gave him one-and-fourpence.

He gave me a piece of paper with his autograph on it.

IV.

Teddy Shaw has a little place all to himself in the country, which (being, I suppose, a Colonial) he calls Five Ashes Station. He blows whistles, lights lamps, and waves his arms about. His favourite occupation is boxing. Sometimes he portmanteaus, is not above a milk-can now and then, but in no circumstances will be have anything to do with packages containing gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or any explosive of what kind, nature or sort soever. Incidentally he collects cardboard, paper, money and anything he can get hold of.

"Thank you," he said, meaning that he wanted the rest of my bit of cardboard.

"Thank you," I answered, meaning that he was welcome to it and to my bit of paper as well.

"Thank you," he added, meaning, I take it, nothing in particular.

V.

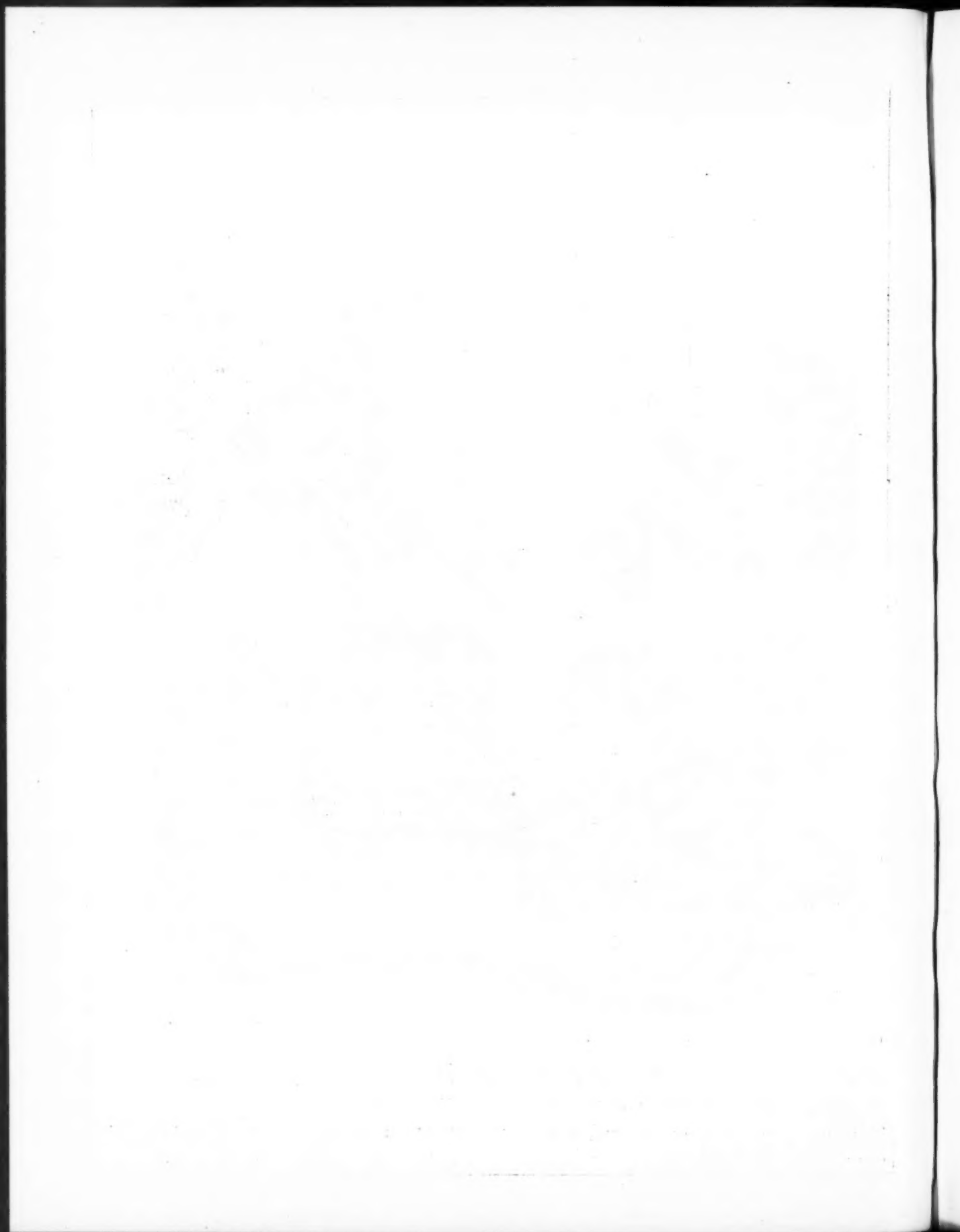
Herbert Watson lives in a box and pulls signals. He does not sell, inspect or collect cardboard. As a result of the foregoing, I have never met him, and I don't much mind if I never do.



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

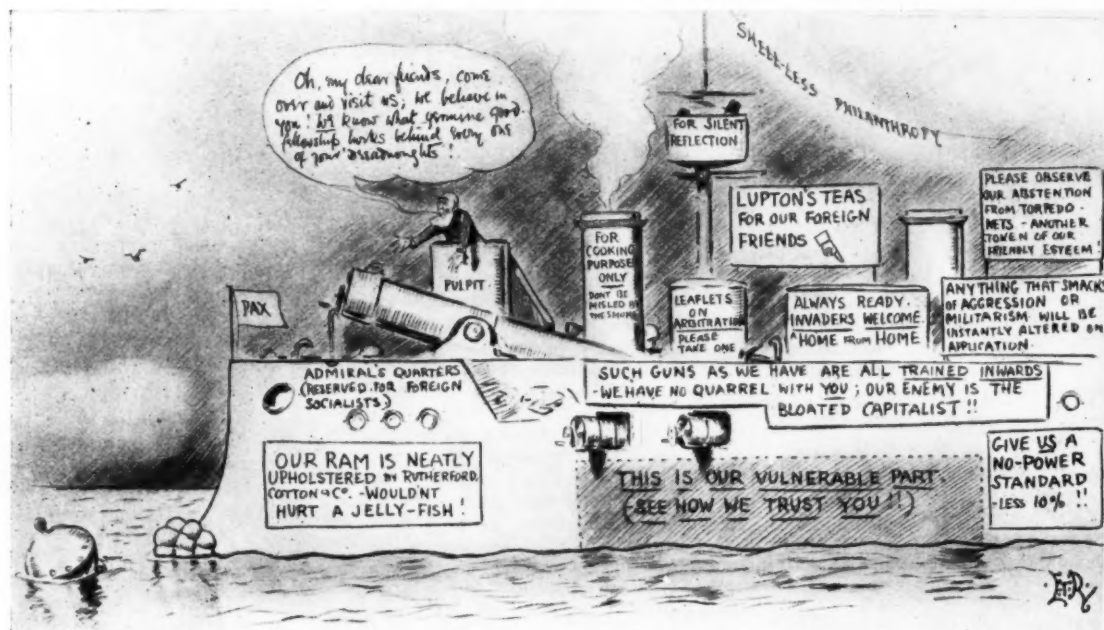
A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL CHIVALRY.

GERMANY (to RUSSIA). "I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND MY ARGUMENTS IRRESISTIBLE—IN YOUR PRESENT CONDITION."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



H.M.S. INOFFENSIVE (SISTER SHIPS—H.M.S. *INNOCUOUS*, *ABJECT*, AND *UNOBTRUSIVE*—NOT TO BE BUILT).

A Design for a *Dreadnought* to be presented to the nation by the Labour Party and a few other equally ardent patriots.

House of Commons, Monday, March 29.
—Save for bare rows of benches in Strangers' Galleries, every seat occupied when that Marine of politics, ARTHUR LEE, formerly of the Army, of late the Navy, his motto *Per mare per terras*, rose to move Vote of Censure upon Government inasmuch as their provision of battleships of the newest type does not sufficiently secure safety of the Empire. Peers flocked down early to secure places. From Diplomatic Gallery the world looked on in persons of Foreign Ministers. One notable absentee. America was there; Austria-Hungary, Japan, Portugal, Greece, Norway, and eke Sweden were represented. Germany modestly held aloof.

Except when GREY was speaking, and later when PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR had wrestling bout, proceedings were, considering their importance, curiously dull. Fact is, they partook of character of anti-climax. The real sensation was created a fortnight ago when Navy Estimates were introduced, when PRINCE ARTHUR made grave protest against insufficiency of shipbuilding programme, when PREMIER, in speech obviously directed to recalcitrant friends below Gangway, admitted and enforced gravity of situation. House of Commons can never be twice wound up to pitch of excitement when same key is used.

What it wanted to hear to-night was what might be said by FOREIGN SECRETARY, PREMIER, and PRINCE ARTHUR, above all the FOREIGN SECRETARY. For the rest, hon. Members, voicing personally their views and opinions, might as well have stayed at home delighting and instructing the family circle.

At one moment desolate appearance of benches suggested a count. This was tried; but it would never do for momentous debate involving life of Ministry and safety of Empire to conclude in that ignominious fashion. Accordingly Members at dinner or wiling away the time elsewhere rushed in and saved the situation.

This happened after EDWARD GREY had delivered a fine speech, stately in diction, statesmanlike in substance. As twice a day the Severn fills, so, just before ten o'clock, when news went round that ASQUITH was up, the stream poured in again. Once more was presented the impressive scene of benches thronged with men intently listening. PREMIER, above all things a practical business man, recognised absence of necessity for making long, elaborate speech. Had his turn a fortnight ago. Dexterously took second innings last Monday when, unexpectedly nipping in on Naval Estimates, he re-stated case of the Government with surpassing clarity.

and force. Now, with reiterated complimentary reference to EDWARD GREY'S speech, he, like a statesman of earlier birth, was content to "say ditto to Mr. BURKE."

Only once roused himself above level of conversational tone. This in concluding passage, when he warmly protested against the obvious implication underlying Vote of Censure, that, though Ministers had given definite pledges of intention with respect to naval programme, the Opposition "distrust either our intelligence or our good faith."

PRINCE ARTHUR, as usual when dealing with a case bristling with facts and figures, was at his worst. Said nothing more about the four phantom ships discovered in his speech a fortnight ago, which brought up Germany's force of battleships in 1912 to 21. Have doubtless foundered on Dogger Bank, that mystic mirage-haunted speck of Northern Sea. Made his way painfully through intricacies of figures, growing increasingly irritable when corrected.

On stroke of eleven he sat down. House cleared for a division. Members, having saved (or failed to save) the State, hurriedly passed through Division Lobby into Palace Yard, hoping to be in first flight for cabs. Comparatively few stayed to hear particulars of foregone conclusion in Division Lobbies.



"SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO."—Kipling.
(Mr. Arthur Lee.)

Business done—Vote of Censure negated by 353 votes against 135.

Tuesday.—Another Irish Land Bill. What is its number in the ascending scale? No one quite certain. Seems that since, forty years ago, the game started we have had one, if not every year, certainly with each successive Ministry. The latest is designed to amend Act passed by last Government when GEORGE WYNDHAM was Secretary. Time was when introduction and progress of an Irish Land Bill used to fill House with stormy crowd. To-day CHIEF SECRETARY talks to benches along which are many gaps.

Otherwise matters much as usual. The more Irish Land Bills change, the more they are the same thing. Faithful Ministerialists support Government of the day, whatever its denomination be. Gentlemen from Ulster cry aloud against fresh spoliation. Nationalists give grudging consent to Second Reading, with avowed determination of seeing how much more money they will be able to wring out of the Exchequer in Committee. And after all Ireland remains the same dear distressful country it ever was.

Business done.—Second Reading of latest Irish Land Bill moved.

Wednesday.—Ordered business of day just got into stride when there were strange doings at the door. Messenger hurriedly entered; whispered something

in ear of SERGEANT-AT-ARMS seated on Cross Bench. With air of quiet determination flushing a countenance habitually resolute, the one man armed in House of Commons quitted his seat and strode to the door opening on to the Lobby. Peering forth, he, unlike *Sister Anne*, at once saw somebody coming; with great presence of mind closed and locked the heavy portal. Then was heard a timid knocking. Peeping through a latticed opening in the door the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS seemed satisfied with his survey. He unlocked and opened the door.

Entered a figure strangely garbed. The door-keeper, advancing to the Bar, broke in upon the speech of the Minister on his legs with the cry, "Black Rod!" ST. AUGUSTINE (it happened to be he), stopping midway in a sentence, suddenly dropped into his seat as if he were an Irish Landlord in proximity of a hedge with the gleam of a gun-barrel behind it. The figure in black coat, breeches and stockings, carrying an ebony stick tipped with golden crown, made solemn advance up the floor, halting midway to make obeisance to the Chair. With these preliminaries he delivered his message, bidding the Commons repair to the House of Lords to hear the assent to certain Bills given by Royal Commission.

The SPEAKER stepped down in wig and gown, and, escorted by the now unruffled SERGEANT-AT-ARMS with Mace on his shoulder, obeyed the summons. When he returned, passing to the Chair through upstanding ranks of Members,



"STATELY IN DICTION, STATESMANLIKE IN SUBSTANCE."

(A sketch of Sir Edward Grey. Monday, March 29.)



"I WANT EIGHT,
AND I WON'T WAIT."

It is rumoured that some people just a little bit lost their heads at Croydon.
(Sir R. Hermon-Hodge.)

he communicated to the House the nature of the business transacted in his absence.

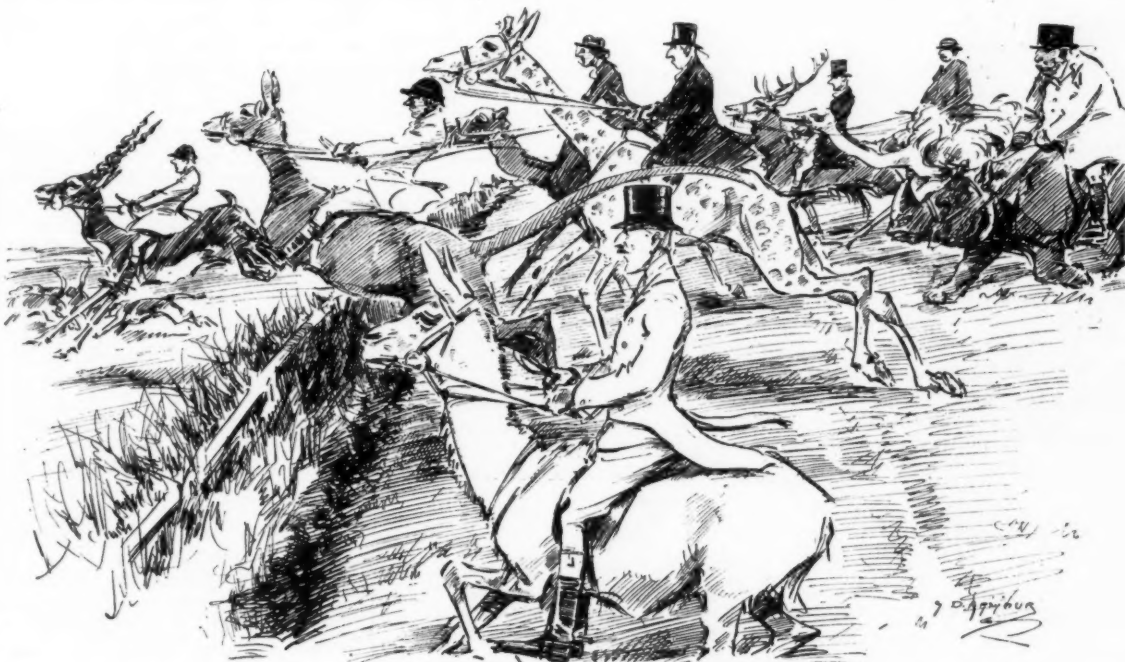
This was ST. AUGUSTINE'S cue. Returning to the Table, he picked up the sentence broken by entry of Black Rod, completed it, and went on as if there had not happened what is equivalent to the seventeenth century momentarily popping in on the twentieth and dislocating its prosaic business.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

Thursday.—General NAPOLEON B. HALDANE unusually reserved of late. Answers MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS with refreshing taciturnity; has volunteered no further explanation of recent growth of Territorial army. Fact is even his indomitably massive mind, Atlas that lightly bears aloft what to others would be crushing weight of thought, is temporarily depressed by problem submitted by that veteran GEORGE GIBBS, Major of North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry.

Suddenly, à propos de bottes, G. G. posed SECRETARY OF STATE with enquiry "whether he will consider the advisability of substituting a flannel shirt for the shaving appliances carried in the knapsack."

At first sight suggestion seems absurd.



("At Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, may be seen the unusual sight of a small flock of llamas, which have been trained to the saddle by Mr. W. . . . Mr. W. also keeps a flock of ostriches, some being ridden by his men without saddle or bridle."—Daily Paper.)

THE IDEA SEEMS TO MR. PUNCH TO BE CAPABLE OF CONSIDERABLE DEVELOPMENT, WHICH SHOULD BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN. HEREIN ALSO MAY BE THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE SCARCITY OF HORSES. WAR OFFICE, PLEASE NOTE.

No man could shave himself with a flannel shirt. Then why suggest the substitution? N. B. HALDANE happily a statesman of broad ideas. Not disposed lightly to set aside a suggestion concerning comfort of battalions on the march because it looks impracticable. Is thinking the matter over. Regrets that when, the other day, he placed in the tea-room two foot-soldiers diversely dressed so that Members might satisfy themselves of the desirability of proposed sartorial alteration, he did not, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone. At stated intervals the men might, under direction of Major Gibbs, have experimented in direction of demonstrating to what extent (if any) a flannel shirt may be substituted for a razor.

Too late now. The matter will come up again after Easter.

Business done.—Indian Councils Bill read a second time.

From the notices of the Minister of a Congregational Church near Manchester:—

"March 21st. Subject: 'Looking forward.' March 28th. Subject: 'Never again.'"

A saddening example of the triumph of experience over hope.

A CHESS-MATCH.

SHE had moved into Laurestine Villa, I was informed, on New Year's Day. Not knowing what the lady was like, I moved into the attached villa at Lady-day.

On that same day she followed with a move down the garden path into the road, a music-case in her hand and a Merry Widow hat upon her head.

I moved a kitchen chair and the dining-room clock to let her pass.

The game was renewed the next day. I was sitting on the bare floor of the drawing-room, when I heard the third movement of a Beethoven sonata very plainly from her side of the wall. I knew then that it was my turn once more; and as she appeared to be a very strong player, reckless in attack, I felt that my only chance of winning lay in a bold effort. I therefore promptly moved in a packing-case and proceeded to hammer it open.

The game continued briskly, and eventually I consulted my landlord.

"No, I can't thicken the wall," he said. "An Englishman's semi-detached house is his semi-detached castle, you know, Mr. Smith. I'm afraid we can't interfere," he added brightly.

I could not take her castle, and I didn't see my way to move my rook.

A few days later she brought in her young man to sing "I fear no foe" and "Because." This was a master-stroke with her knight that I had not reckoned upon; I replied with my other neighbour's dog, borrowed for the occasion. However, I could not so much as check her; and obviously my prospects of mating her were very poor. Yet I knew of a little house on the other side of London that would have suited them splendidly.

These prolonged games are exhausting, and I resolved last week to make a final attempt to compel her to retire. She had been playing very strongly, and I was sick of it. So I went up to Brinsbroad's and asked to see their stoutest pianos.

"Overstrung?" asked the manager. "Yes," I replied; "but how did you know?" He said I had misunderstood, and proceeded to show me an instrument with what he called a front escapement check-action.

"Check-action? Good!" I said. "If you have one with a check-mate action, so much the better."

The piano came yesterday.

Ha, ha! It is now my move. Lover of music though I am, I do not play well. I have put it quite near the wall. I feel that I am in a very strong position.

WANT PLACES.

DUKE, out of place, open to engagement on staff of sound Unionist organ. Speciality—caustic criticism of cousins in office.—Address, CRUSHED STRAWBERRY, Poste Restante, Woodstock.

EMINENT STATESMAN, young, hardworking, versatile, flexible fiscalist, anxious to secure engagement as PREMIER or FOREIGN SECRETARY. Testimonials from all Parties.—Apply Box 2468, Board of Trade.

CABINET MINISTER, genial, general favourite, finding Home climate rather trying, would exchange present post for first-rate Ambassadorship or Viceroyalty.—Address, Box 2D, Littlestone Mansions, E.C.

FAMOUS NOVELIST AND PLAY-
WRITER, anxious for new worlds to conquer, would accept first-class Colonial Governorship. Has had experience of entertaining Royalties. No objection to the Order of Merit or G.C.M.G.—Address, H. C., Isle of Heinemann.

ACTOR-MANAGER, weary of flying *matinées* and the squalor of Bohemianism, wishes to negotiate for safe seat in Parliament, with good prospect of baronetcy. Views moderate, elocution sound, wardrobe unimpeachable.—Address, PELLEUS JUVENIS, c/o Clothes-Press Agency, S.W.

MILLIONAIRE, with three handsome daughters, seeks place as Father-in-law to Dukes, Earls, or prospective Premiers. Widower; no poor relations; aspirates above reproach.—Apply STONEY & Co., Brokers, Mincing Lane, E.C.

BARRISTER, painstaking, ambitious, obsequious, accepted candidate for safe seat; will abandon promising political career if it is made worth his while by the Party in power. Would make excellent Judge.—Address, K.C., c/o WYRE, PULLAR & Co., 551, Old Bailey.

POLITICIAN, of undecided views, with no prejudices, prepared to contribute £50,000 to Party funds. What offers?—Address, PATRIOT, c/o SWITHERS AND BALLANCE, Fencing Lane, E.C.

FRENCH ARTIST requires very badly sittings from Sir EDWARD GREY, to correct his recent "impression" of that statesman.—Apply, N. D., *Daily Chronicle*.

"I Don't Think."

Yet one more quotation (this time a popular slang phrase) has been discovered in *Hamlet*:—

Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEVIS."

Bevis is, after all, not a new Ox Extract, but a young Marquis who is going to marry Beer. His personal motives are not purely mercenary; he really likes the girl; but his field of selection, which otherwise would have had no bounds, has been conditioned by the pecuniary needs of his house. His mother, on the other hand, is cynically frank on the subject of marriage settlements; and there is also a stray uncle who sees his way to some pickings; and a middlewoman who has brought the young couple together and wants what she calls "recognition." The girl gets wind of these schemes and shows spirit enough to break off the engagement. This rouses the boy from his complacent lethargy, and puts him on what he thinks is his mettle. He will



NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

Rachel Hopkins (Miss Madge Titheradge) weeps over the cap of *Bevis*, Marquis of Beidley (Mr. A. E. Matthews), whom she imagines to be drowned.

start courting the girl over again, but this time on her merits. He induces the middlewoman to get up a week-end party and throw the girl and her father in contact with his own strained relations. Follows a scene of mutual embarrassment, quite awful in its tension; but the girl is eventually persuaded to give in by her father, who has no idea of losing a good thing, and only bucks at being asked to pension the uncle, who, unlike the middlewoman, has done no "work" for him. It is now the boy's turn to decline an arrangement that offends his *amour propre*. Nothing heroic, however, ensues. He does not migrate to another continent (though the names of several occur to him), where he might prove himself to be a man as well as a marquis. A conventional episode, on the borderland between farce and melodrama, brings the two together, and all ends happily and tamely on an undertone of sentiment. A quiet vein of very fresh and attrac-

tive wit runs through the passages which illustrate the main theme; while a subordinate affair of hearts between the uncle and the middlewoman, pushed perhaps a little too much into the foreground, supplies the kind of humour which is known as "rich."

Mr. MATTHEWS, as the pleasant half-fledged youth, was of course admirably in his element, and at times he pulled himself together and assumed an air of martial resolution; but he failed to put much heart into his serious wooing. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, in the trying part of the heiress, showed a nice maidenly dignity, but lacked the wings of impulse. Miss LOTTIE VENNE, as *Mrs. Pym*, matchmaker, was superb. It was nothing to her that this was supposed to be a comedy; she was out for farce, and meant to enjoy herself. On the other hand, Miss WATSON, who played the mother of the Marquis, kept well in the picture; and my only complaint is that she was a little apodeictic (if Mr. WALKLEY will permit me) with her hands. Finally Mr. LOWNE, as the uncle, and Mr. FRANCE, as the brewing magnate, did excellently what was asked of them. Indeed the whole cast was beyond praise, and so was the management, except perhaps in the second scene. Here the embarrassment on the stage almost communicated itself to the house, so stickily was it presented.

My best compliments to Mr. HUBERT DAVIES, and I hope he may never again have in the audience the large man who sat two rows behind me on the first night and barked with so boisterous an hilarity that nobody else in the neighbourhood could hear himself laugh.

O. S.

A CONFESSION.

[To build an unlimited number of *Dreadnoughts* requires money; that money must be provided by the Government from its exchequer; that exchequer must be replenished by taxes. The Poet feels confident that, at this moment of universal patriotism, he is unique in the atrocious attitude to which he hereby confesses.]

I MUST admit that I am not
By any means a patriot.

I sometimes used to think I was,
But now I know I'm not because

Though I'm prepared to shout and rave,
"Let Britons really rule the wave!"

Though I have sat and scratched my
head

And written to *The Times* and said:—

"What is the use of all this fussin'?
When they build one, let's build a
dozen"

(When I am writing to *The Times*
I'm rather reckless with my rhymes);

"Expense be blowed; let's cut a dash.
Why stint the fleet to save the cash?"



Mother. "WELL, DARLING, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNT, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE SCHOOL?"

Tommy. "OH, MAM, THE BOYS CALL EACH OTHER FOOLS AND IDIOTS AND ASSES—IT 'S JUST RIPPIN'!"

I somehow find I'm most unwilling
To give the Treasury a shilling.

In fact, I'm on at D. L.-GEORGE
To try and get him to disgorge

(Nay, make him, if he can be made)
What little income-tax I've paid.

I'm bound to own that that is not
The way to be a patriot.

A GOLF DEGREE.

A UNIVERSITY of Bull-fighting (says *The Express* of March 30) has been established at Bilbao, and will open its doors on July 1. The new University will grant two degrees—licentiate and doctor of tauromachy, and lectures will be given on the history of bull-fighting, the classic and romantic schools, the anatomy of the bull and of the horse, the study of arms and the biographies of great *toreros*.

We understand that the University of St. Andrews will shortly follow suit, and devote itself entirely to the æsthetic and practical aspects of golpachy. The Professors are to be elevated to Professionals, taking seniority according to their handicap. The course for students at this Royal and Ancient Academy of Learning will be a daily round of eighteen holes, with the usual

penalties for the Swilcan Burn, the Eden, and the Station-master's Garden. Medals will be granted for proficiency, and the "honours" awarded from time to time to the side that gains a hole. The examinee with fewest marks shall head the list, and those who are duly qualified in the championship will be awarded the degree of B.A., that is to say, Bunkers Avoided; while candidates who fail will be "gulphed."

By this patriotic action of the Scottish Alma Mater it is confidently expected that the Art and Science of Golf will take its proper place among the humanities.

The Truth about the Sexes.

In its half-column of "Notable Sayings of To day," *The Westminster Gazette* quotes Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN as remarking, "Men are men, and women are women." Which, as the song says, nobody can deny. The marvel is that the circumstance (apparently) was never before noticed, and might now have been overlooked had not the eagle glance of *The Westminster*, in search of striking sayings, fallen upon this exposure of it.

"For sale, a quiet pony, sound, good feet and legs, 12 hands."

The extremities, however, are not everything.

WOMAN'S FRANCHISE.

["The latest mode demands that the waist must measure its natural circumference, and must be twenty-four inches, at least."—*Fashion Column, Daily Paper*.]

At Fashion's edict, stern and brief—

"The waist must be compressed no more"—

A suspiration of relief

Goes up from shore to shore.

Behold the triumph of the plump!

Her ample symmetry she hastes
To blazon boldly, while a slump
Occurs in willow waists.

For "twenty-four" is *chic*, no less;
And maids too slender by an inch
To save themselves from dowdiness
Will have to pad, not pinch.

While multitudes of cords and bands
And tapes, uncomfortably tense,
Spring looser now the mode demands
A wide circumference.

Man gives the fashion his support
With approbation deep and strong,
For tempers will not be so short
Nor doctors' bills so long.

In fact, the female form divine
Once more will transiently reign,
Now Paris follows nature's line
And ladies breathe again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE long had a suspicion that SELWYN was one of the frauds of the eighteenth century. After reading Mr. PARNELL KERR's *George Selwyn and the Wits* (METHUEN) the impression is confirmed. HORACE WALPOLE did much to create a phantom reputation for him. His Letters are full of references to his friend and citation of his good things, which, such as they are, probably owe much to the polish of the recorder. THACKERAY, steeped in the lore and gossip of the time, drags SELWYN into the company of Henry Esmond Warrington, who meets him at White's Club. Mr. KERR destroys his hero's last hope of justification as a wit by compiling a chapter presumably recording his choicest productions. Here is a sample, not better or worse than the bulk, but selected by reason of its attractive brevity: "One night at White's, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawcner, losing a large sum of money at picquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked, 'See how he is robbing the mail.'" And this, reverently circulated at the time, is remembered and handed on over a century and a half!

SELWYN was sent down from Oxford for a blasphemous escapade unredeemed by flash of humour. He lived partly upon his father, partly upon the State, which bestowed small pensions for sinecure offices. There is no record that he earned an honest penny in his life. Two illusions are connected with his individuality. By one he is labelled a wit; by the second he is described as an habitual attendant at public executions. Mr. KERR dispenses of both, more completely of the first. Incidentally he gives some vivid peeps at social life in London when White's was the hub of the aristocratic universe.

EYRE HUSSEY's *Polly Winford* (from LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) Is not exactly galloping and not exactly slow; It is neither poor nor excellent, discursive nor compact; It's not exactly anything, and that's about the fact.

It deals, of course, with hunting folk—EYRE HUSSEY's novels do—

Delightfully conceived, at just a passing glance or two,
But subsequent acquaintance shows that almost every one
Is just a little raw or else a little overdone.

There are, besides the folk who hunt, a number who do not,
And those who do and those who don't are mixed to make
the plot,

With garnishings of sense and fun artistically placed,
But just too much coincidence to suit a seasoned taste.

But still the tale is readable, and doubtless not a few
Who fancied HUSSEY's former books will also like the new;
And I am only sorry that the fourth should still be curst
With the failings of the third one, and the second, and the first.

Colonel Marwood's trouble was that there was another man in England who looked exactly like him. If this happened to you or me we should be inclined to say that it was the other man's trouble, and if ever we met him to offer our sympathies. But the Colonel was a Tory Member of Parliament, and so it really was annoying for him when his double went down to his constituency and advocated Disestablishment, Free Trade, and the Taxation of Land Values. Naturally the Confederates began to strop their daggers. In the circumstances the only thing for the hon. and gallant Member to do was to trot down to Great Bagberton the next afternoon, and repudiate the speech; whereupon late that night the double turned up in the House and repudiated the repudiation. But the double had even better jokes in hand. He gave the whole of the Colonel's employes (The Co-operative Household Stores, Ltd.) a holiday

to celebrate the birth of a son to him. Marwood and his wife heard nothing of this till later, when at a mass meeting of the men the middle-aged couple were solemnly presented with a christening-bowl. Imagine the lady's horror. You will find these truthful narrations and others in *The Troubles of Colonel Marwood* (F. V. WHITE). Unfortunately Mr. A. C. FOX-DAVIES has hardly done justice throughout to his happy idea. Melodrama, rather than comedy, is his medium, and he does not seem quite at his ease in a book of this kind.



The Youth. "OH, THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY! JUST THE THING I WANT FOR MY ADVENTURE. MAY I TRY IT ON?"
The Dealer in Magic. "YOUNG MAN, FOR GOODS OF THIS DESCRIPTION WE ALWAYS REQUIRE PAYMENT IN ADVANCE."

When I saw Mr. ARTHUR MORRISON's name on the cover of *Green Ginger* (HUTCHINSON) I expected the book to contain some powerful, gloomy stories of Shoreditch slums and Essex villages; but I was wrong. Essex and the slums are there, it is true, but they form the background of farce, instead of tragedy. The change is welcome, since writers of good farce, and Mr. MORRISON is one of them, are far to seek. Special gratitude is due to him not only for creating laughable situations, but for allowing the curtain to fall upon them at precisely the right moment. "Mr. Bostock's Backsliding" and "A Lucifo Match" left me chuckling both at what is told and also at the ludicrous events which must inevitably follow. Mr. MORRISON has invented some most amusing and plausible rascals, and has watched over them so carefully that their little games are not interrupted by the attentions of inquisitive policemen. Bill Wragg, indeed, who "began business in the parrot line with a capital of nothing and no parrots," had more good luck in a few hours than comes to most people in a lifetime. As a digestive, to be taken in small quantities after dinner, I cordially recommend *Green Ginger*.

The following Book Review has appeared in the Agony Column of *The Times*:—

"In absence and silence, we keep the watch on Rhine;

Woe worth the latest book, one fired down the line! M. A. D."

The critic does well to be reticent about the names both of the book and its author, for the tone of his review is very bitter.